

SCOTT COUNTY KICKER

Entered at the post office at Benton, Mo., on February 14, 1902, as second-class matter.

Published at Benton, Mo., every SATURDAY BY PHIL A. HAFNER.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year.

BRO. AKE AGAIN.

"To the Scott County Kicker: It will take more than the price of the constitutional amendments to buy the opinions of the Register. And why do you refer to Bro. Fisher of the Farmington Times? If we mistake not the Times published the amendments last fall."—Iron-ton Register.

Because you said that you had the only Democratic paper in the county and did not have to "tody" to get "pie." The Kicker says you have got to "walk the chalk line" or the gang will put up an opposition paper in your county, and refers you to Bro. Fisher for further particulars.

Some years ago Bro. Fisher thought he had a right to say things, and he said some things that the "party" did not approve of. Straightway the Farmington Herald was born—a red-hot Mart Clardy State House fling paper. In some way the breach was patched up, and last summer Bro. Fisher bought the Herald and consolidated it with the Times. Then he got the printing—and you won't catch him saying anything more against the "party."

And how about Bro. Ake? Listen to him again:

"We have always entertained a very good opinion of Phil. Hafner, of Scott county, but we just can't believe that he would be half so bitter against the 'ring' as he is if he were only getting a little of the pie himself."

So you just can't believe that a man can be again the ring if he gets "a little pie himself." Is this what is called "measuring another man's corn in your own half-bushel?"

If I had wanted "pie," and had been willing to pay the price, can you mention any reason why I could not have got it?

My long newspaper experience causes me to be perfectly familiar with the path that leads to the pie counter, and to some it may seem strange that I did not follow it, but I am in the newspaper business as much for my own satisfaction as for profit, and I prefer to be right rather than with the push.

PRESENT YOUR BILL.

"W. W. Waters, of the Southeast Missouriian, writes: 'If there is any one who owes the newspapers favors it is the men elected to office.' We agree with you, Mr. Waters.—Jackson Herald."

Well, if the men elected to office owe you anything, why don't you present your bill and collect it? Don't urge the legislature to pass this or that measure because it makes more "legal printing" at taxpayers' expense.

The Kicker has nothing charged up to any of the men elected to office—and that is a thing to be proud of. This paper is not responsible for the awful conditions that exist in Missouri, but has tried hard to remedy the evils.

But there is another class that owes the newspapers something—or, rather, owe it to themselves. The taxpayers owe it to themselves to withhold support from the newspapers that are continually deceiving them.

Why should a public official "owe" a newspaper anything? If a newspaper is honest it will support the man that it believes will best serve the people. Does anybody owe the newspaper anything for that?

If a newspaper is a commercial commodity—and too many of them are—then it will support the man who pays best. And the man who pays best is never the man to serve the people best.

When a man buys an office he feels that it belongs to him, and the public welfare never enters into his calculations.

STATE INSURANCE.

The State of Missouri pays out annually to fire insurance companies about \$50,000. A bill has been introduced in the legislature providing that all state institutions pay into the state treasury three-fourths the amount now paid for insurance annually, as an insurance fund, and that the state carry its own insurance.

Good! But will it pass? It seems ridiculous that the great State of Missouri should seek protection from an insurance company. The state is able to carry the risk as the company. In recent years only one loss has occurred to state buildings, and the amount received from the insurance companies was only about one-half of what the state pays out annually.

Let the state begin the good work by first carrying her own risk on public buildings, and after a while it may occur to our people that the proper thing to do is to let the state carry all insurance.

But the insurance trust that is so powerful in Missouri legislature will not likely allow the first step to be taken.

Mud Is King.

"Mud reigns—and we're right in it," says our Kicker correspondent. If it's any comfort to you, old man, we can assure you that we're all in the same jammed fix."

Scott county is, undoubtedly, a very fine old climate—

She can give all other cards and spades and beat 'em every time.

In fact, she'd be salubrious, unimpeachable, sublime.

If it wasn't for that horrid yellow mud, it is over all the county high and low, there is mud on every side where'er we go.

There is mud in every section (except during an election).

And it's simply awful pounding through that muddy, muddy mud—

That slushy, soggy, wrath-provoking mud.

If we drive or take a ramble at the closing of the day.

And along the county highways we attempt to wend our way.

Our pathway's inundated, turn whichever road we may.

By a foot or two of slushy yellow mud, and we stamp around in feverish despair.

We miss a line or two and tear our hair.

For we know we'll have to wrangle, Dodge and counter step and wrangle.

Through that awful sea of "microbated" muddy, muddy, mud—

That slushy, soggy, wrath-provoking mud.

Oh, all ye great inventors, come and aid us with your skill—

Invent some road contractors who their contracts can fulfill.

And some up-to-date officials who can figure out a bill.

That will rid us of this sea of ancient mud. Or provide a mud-ace and a land-dock.

For people who have now to drive or walk.

Or a roadway elevated.

Nickel-plated, excavated.

For we're getting awful tired of this muddy, muddy, mud—

This slushy, soggy, wrath-provoking mud.

—JOS. H. FAIRFIELD.

THE TAX-DOGDGE.

Only two weeks ago the news dispatched told of the largest check ever drawn. It was drawn by J. P. Morgan for twenty-eight million dollars.

Last week Mr. Morgan complained to the tax commissioner and had his personal assessment reduced from \$600,000 to \$400,000. And the St. Louis Chronicle concludes:

"While the newspapers are being envenomed from day to day with malicious accounts of the profits and commissions of J. P. Morgan, which are represented as sufficient to make an Oriental prince blush with shame over his paltry royal income, Mr. Morgan goes before a New York tax board and begs for a reduction in the taxes upon his personal property."

"Like all other men, he longs to appear poor in the eyes of the tax collector. When the assessor is about, wealth becomes a burden."

"Morgan was listed for taxation on \$600,000 personal property. He has had the valuation reduced to \$400,000. As personal property embraces all bonds, stocks and other certificates so largely owned by big bankers and trust promoters, this must be supposed to represent the greater part of Morgan's wealth."

"As his tax valuation is sworn to by himself and is accepted by the tax commission, the popular estimate of Morgan's wealth must be revised. He is little more than a pauper after all."

"The man who poses as a great financial king, dominating the business life not only of the United States, but largely of Europe, and has only \$400,000 to show up to the tax inquirer, must be set down as a good deal of a faker and fraud."

"Whenever any big deal is on, involving uncounted millions, Morgan never fails to come boldly to the front, with a bluffing air that causes people to think that he owns at least half the earth and has a mortgage on the rest."

"But it is all a bluff. He has admitted to the tax commission that his riches are mostly air. Four hundred thousand dollars is a ridiculously meager amount. It is a wonder the man keeps out of the poor house."

OUR CORPORATION GOVERNOR.

Monday Gov. Dockery rushed a special message to the legislature—as he always does when capitalistic interests are threatened. The bill to establish a binder twine factory was up for consideration, and the governor, in his message, called attention to the danger of depleting the state treasury.

At the beginning of the session Gov. Dockery recommended an appropriation of \$100,000 for the state militia, so that the governor and his "staff" can imitate the Czar of Russia at the World's Fair.

But there is nothing for a twine factory to relieve the farmers from the extortion of the binder twine trust.

A month ago the governor and his push urged an appropriation of \$600,000 for a show at the World's Fair—and it went through.

But there is nothing for twine factory to relieve the farmers from being squeezed by the twine trust.

However, the binder twine factory bill has passed both branches of the legislature, and it is now up to the governor to veto it, or to the supreme court to declare it unconstitutional.

The Kicker is not ready to believe that so good a measure will be permitted to stand so long as the present gang is in power.

To establish a twine factory might curtail the expense account of the gentlemen who ride on free passes and then put in a bill for transportation.

The close of the legislature is near. What has it done? Nothing good.

AN OLD CITIZEN.

On his farm, three miles northwest of Keiso, lives Moran Compas, the oldest German resident of the township.

Mr. Compas was born on February 26, 1819, in the Canton of Alt Kirch, town of Lunschwiler, then under French sovereignty, but now a part of Germany. On Thursday of this week he passed his 84th mile post.

In 1832, at the age of 13, with his parents he settled in Canada. In 1845 he married Maria Josephine Hoffman in the county of Waterloo, Canada. To this union three children were born in Canada, of which John, who now lives on the New Hamburg and Keiso road, is the only survivor.

In 1854 Mr. Compas, with his family, father and mother, left Canada, and came to Scott county and



MORAN COMPAS, located on the spot where is now their splendid farm. Eighty acres were bought at \$6.25 per acre.

The father was not satisfied and returned to Canada. A year later he came for the mother, and Mr. Compas and family were alone. In 1847 Mrs. Compas died.

In the following year he married Christina Schottmann, of Perry county, who was then making her home on the College farm, near Cape Girardeau. The marriage took place on his farm and was solemnized by Father Leo, then stationed at New Hamburg.

At that time Keiso was not dreamed of. Willows covered the ground where the future metropolis of Southeast Missouri now stands. New Hamburg was a small settlement with a log church.

To the second marriage were born Rosina (wife of Anton Diebold, deceased) now living at Jonesboro, Ark.; Elizabeth (deceased) second wife of Frank L. Diebold, of Benton; Susanna, wife of Joseph Welter, of Keiso; Catherine, wife of John Gosche, of Minnesota; Henry, Joseph, Frank and Peter, all living in the neighborhood of Keiso.

In 1890 the second wife died, and since then Mr. Compas has spent his days with his children. He has three great-grandchildren. The only picture taken of him appears above.

It was recently taken at his home by his grand-son.

He has always led an active life and is a man of regular habits. Scrupulously honest and fair in his dealings with his fellow men, he enjoys the confidence and respect of all who know him. He was a leader in the establishment of the first church at Keiso and has been active in support of everything that tended to advance the neighborhood.

Three years ago he fell and dislocated his hip joint. Since then he has not been at Keiso. He suffered much and now goes about on crutches. He has always been a reader of newspapers and kept well abreast of current events, but his eyesight has become impaired and this adds to his discomfort. But he bears all with a Christian spirit and does not complain.

During the civil war he was conservative, but enlisted in the home guards for the protection of local interests. He and his neighbors had been notified to come to New Hamburg to enlist. He was a little slow about going and learned that the soldiers were coming after him. Accompanied by John Sander he started for New Hamburg and stopped at Mr. Volmer's, who then lived at the farm now owned by Ludanus Daumenmuller, at the south edge of Keiso.

Arriving there the soldiers were seen coming. Mr. Volmer insisted that they go up into the garret. Mr. Compas refused, saying: "Why should I hide? I have done no wrong."

As the soldiers rode up, George Brock acted as spokesman and greeted Mr. Compas and Mr. Sander thus: "Hello, are you on your way to Hamburg?"

"Yes sir."

"All right," and all was well.

Dr. Abby, who then lived at Keiso where John Messmer now lives, had his headquarters at New Hamburg. Mr. Compas refused to take the oath except on condition that he was not

to be required to serve outside the county. Dr. Abby agreed to this.

After a brief stay at New Hamburg all were aroused during the night with the cry: "The rebels are coming!" and they moved off to Cape Girardeau. There Mr. Compas reminded Dr. Abby of his oath to serve only in Scott county, and he surrendered his gun and returned to his farm.

Say, Bro. Ake, what has become of your cry of "down with the news trust?" Why don't you get the ear of your good friend, Senator Farrie? He's with the majority and can put it through.

AT PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at my residence in Morley, to the highest bidder, on SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1903, the following property, to-wit: Four work mules, 3 mares (in foal by Jack), yearling mule, yearling horse colt, 35 head of hogs, 2 farm wagons, top buggy, 350 bushels of corn, 80 bales of hay, Milwaukee binder, mower, 6 1-horse plows, 3 cultivators, wheat drill, section harrow, gears, etc.

Terms—\$5 and under cash; over \$5 a credit of 6 months will be given, purchaser giving note with approved security. ALBERT W. EVANS, MORLEY, Mo.

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James L. Blocker, Bleda.
Miss Nellie Mens, Bleda.
Edward Scott (colored) Commerce.
Miss Arizona Hunter, Benton.
Ell Edwards, Benton.
Miss Bessie Davenport, Sikeston.
James W. Cresap, Sikeston.
Miss Nellie M. Lasher, Morehouse.
Bud Irvin Holder, Morehouse.
Miss Alice Atherton, Morley.

Send Us Names of Your Friends in the Old States

And we will mail them illustrated pamphlets, booklets and other matter, descriptive of the lands along the Cotton Belt, also inform them of the low rates, dates of sale, etc. Now is a good time to get your friends to visit the Southwest, while the low rates are in effect. Write the names and addresses distinctly and don't be afraid of sending too many.

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Favor us by bringing your Cash and Produce to Our Store. We will give you as much or more value as you can get elsewhere. Our capital being limited you will enable us to accommodate those who find it convenient and sometimes very necessary to buy on time.

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Very Respectfully Yours,

Hinkle & Chitty, Oran.

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